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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVI. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 7, 1901. NUMBER 23

THEODORE PARKER

BY

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK

Second Impression

With Two Portraits. 12mo, $1.50.

In the London *Inquirer* for December 29 the Rev. R. A. Armstrong, one of the most eminent of living Unitarian ministers in England, reviews Mr. Chadwick's Life of Theodore Parker. From his very favorable article we copy the following paragraphs:

It was a happy inspiration in Mr. Chadwick's bosom or some one's else that set him to add one more to the Lives of Theodore Parker. It is not merely by his bright literary gifts that he is qualified for the task, but by a sympathetic spirit and sympathetic experiences. It is no secret that the sweet-tempered Brooklyn preacher like Parker before him, had a push for it to secure the collegiate training which he so well assimilated, and knows something of the poor scholar's youthful struggles. And his fine sympathy with many sorts of literature, his broad-minded religious position, and his hatred of oppression and wrong give him a key to Parker's inward personality, and help him to draw his subject with life-like lineaments.

. . . And the result of these favorable conditions is everything that we could desire. We have a Theodore Parker presented to us who strikes the imagination with singular power —a saint and a hero achieving mighty things, a splendid servant of the Lord, and all the while a most human being, whom we long to know, to talk with, and to listen to.

. . . The book traces the story of his ministry, with its ever-expanding circles of religious influence; vividly, but soberly, describes his conflicts with the orthodox Unitarianism of the day; gives an account of his philosophy and theology; exhibits him as the great religious leader that he became; shows him wielding the sledge-hammer of his mighty power in the anti-slavery struggle; narrows down to the pathetic story of his ebbing strength and vain quest of health; and concludes with the appreciation left on record by his contemporaries and the judicial and judicious estimate at which the biographer himself arrives.

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A FURTHER APPEAL TO ALL LOVERS OF BIRDS.

ONE year ago all the sea birds breeding along our coasts seemed doomed to extinction at the hands of the milliners, in spite of their beauty and incalculable services as scavengers, and as guides to fishermen and mariners.

The American Ornithologists' Union, alarmed at the prospect, appointed a special committee to devise means for the preservation of these birds. This committee, aided by the press, appealed to the bird-loving public for funds with which to hire wardens to guard the sea birds while they were on their breeding grounds.

The contributions received in response to this appeal were sufficient to secure faithful wardens for the protection of all the colonies still left on the coast from Cape Charles, Virginia, northward to Maine.

The encouraging results of the efficient protection given the birds during the season of 1900 prompts the American Ornithologists' Union to continue its efforts during the coming breeding season, and to extend, if possible, the work to the South Atlantic and Gulf coasts, where there is even greater need of bird protection than in the north.

At the last session of Congress a Federal law was enacted known as the Lacey Act, which gives by far the strongest protection ever furnished to bird or beast in the United States, as it makes it a punishable offense to export from a State any bird or animal unlawfully killed therein, or to receive such bird or animal in any other State. The common carriers are even now refusing to transport birds and animals in view of the heavy penalty attached to a violation of the Lacey law. It is believed by the committee that the vigorous enforcement of this law by the United States Department of Agriculture, which has the matter in charge, and the proposed extension of the warden system, will in a very short time break down the whole plume trade so far as it lives upon the birds of the United States.

In addition to special protection given to the birds by wardens, the American Ornithologists' Union, through its Protection Committee, is taking very active steps in a large number of States to improve the bird laws by amendments, or through the enactment of the entirely new and effective statutes.

In view of the urgent need for a continuance of the work, and of the encouraging results of the first year's systematic efforts, the undersigned committee of the Union feel justified in making a second urgent appeal to every bird lover, and to every one who desires the preservation of these beautiful and economically valuable birds, to contribute to the fund necessary for continuing the work on a more extended scale.

Contributions should be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. William Dutcher, No. 525 Manhattan Avenue, New York City.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLVI. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1901. NUMBER 23

A correspondent writes us saying, "some of your twentieth century people have already arrived," in proof of which he tells of a physician who has given up a paying medical practice for the sake of attending to the physical well being of students at a state normal school, because he was tired of patching up old damaged bodies for pay when he could do so much more good by helping to keep young bodies clean and sound.

The organization of the world is fairly begun. Fifteen of the leading nations have now a common home bought and occupied for this specific purpose. This home is, as it should be, at The Hague. The greatest tribunal on earth is there in session and it is prepared to adjudicate questions that heretofore have been submitted to the arbitrament of war. Already it has grave work on hand. This is one more beginning of the end of war.

That was an interesting and notable ordination that inducted Rev. James H. Ecob into the pulpit of the First Unitarian Church at Philadelphia. It is a notable succession that follows William H. Furnace and Joseph May in the church which Dr. May said in his address, has always been "an independent church and a progressive one." It has not looked for support to sectarian relations. Its best attainments in truth have never been to it finalities. Truth's light has ever shone for it upon a still upward way.

The Philippine Information Society, a fuller notice of which has been furnished us for our Study Table, has reached the fourth pamphlet in its series of publications looking towards setting forth the facts as found in governmental documents and other official sources. Whatever one's convictions may be concerning this lamentable war in the Philippine Archipelago, opinions cannot be honestly held until they have been tested or strengthened by the facts set forth in this series of pamphlets. They can be obtained free of charge on application to L. K. Fuller, 12 Otis street, Boston, Mass.

It is now settled that the next meeting of the Congress of Religion will be in Buffalo in connection with the Pan-American Exposition. The directors are now waiting the action of the local committee before announcing the date and further particulars. It is gratifying to announce that at a recent meeting of the executive committee of the New York State Conference of Religion, it was resolved "That it is desirable to cooperate in some way with the Congress of Religion at its Buffalo meeting this year." A committee, consisting of their chairman, J. M. Whiton, Ph. D.; their secretary, Rev. S. Leighton Williams, and Rev. T. R. Slicer, was appointed to correspond with the officers of the Congress concerning such co-operation. A similar committee had previously been appointed by the Free Religious Association of Boston. Altogether the signs are auspicious for a significant meeting.

The American Ornithologists' Union has issued its second appeal to lovers of birds, the first having appeared about a year ago. We shall publish the whole of this appeal at our earliest opportunity. Meanwhile we commend to our readers its report for the year 1900, republished in pamphlet form from the *Auk* for January, 1901. It is a pamphlet of thirty-seven pages which offers fresh statistics concerning the slaughter of birds. It is a new arraignment of the cruel woman who still, in defiance of public intelligence and public interest, as well as of private morals and spiritual sensitiveness, flaunts the dead bird or his mangled plumage upon her hat. The sermons on this slaughter of the innocents can now be rewritten and brought down to date. Let the preacher whose list of vital sermon topics is running low, send for this pamphlet. Let Sunday-school teachers whose classes are nodding or dwindling under the monotony of the stereotyped lesson, study this pamphlet and carry the results of it to their classes. And let the public school teacher who is trying to relate her work to public weal, put it in the way of the boys and girls of our grammar grades.

William Morris in his "News From Nowhere" gives to the children of London in the twenty-fifth century an easy familiarity with the Welsh language, which they seem to use as readily as the English. Inspired by some such a hope as this perhaps our Welsh exchange, *Yr Ymofynydd*, the Unitarian monthly whose name being interpreted is *The Inquirer*, has taken a new lease on life and with new editors, new publishers and a fresh title page, starts on its twenty-second series after fifty-three years of life. The title page is a dramatic one, prepared by Miss Myfanwy Evans, daughter of an Oxford teacher. It represents a pilgrim turning his back on the comfortable conventicles of the valley, pushing eagerly up the mountain side already touched with the rising sun, in search of freedom, truth and love, inspired by the assurance of the text at his feet, which says "The truth shall make you free." We send our greetings across the sea to this brave little monthly, whose traditions are so intermingled with those that enter into the faith and blood, the inheritance and ideals of the senior editor of this paper, and in view of this larger promise and evidence of perennial youth, we exclaim with our elders, *Gogoniant!*

In our recent study of Mr. Chadwick's "Theodore Parker" in these columns, we ventured the prophecy that there is to come at least one more life of Theodore Parker, made necessary by the very excellence of Mr. Chadwick's work, whose study of Theodore Parker

is made, so to speak, from the inside. Mr. Chadwick, in order to do the needed work, had to take note of Theodore Parker as the Unitarian preacher, indicate his experience with and great contribution to that denomination. But Theodore Parker deserves a study from the outside. This study can be best made by one who is not too close to him, by a layman and statesman, who will reveal Parker in his full proportions as a "political" preacher in the best sense of the word, a statesman in the pulpit. Our contemporary, H. M. Simmons, occupies our editorial space this week with a study that illustrates our point,—Theodore Parker's estimate of war, his hatred of the war spirit when kindled by unworthy motives and directed to small ends. His testimony is all the more significant when we remember that the old musket of Captain John Parker of Lexington fame, hung on the walls of his study, and that in 1856 he wrote to John P. Hale, "I buy but few books this year; I may need the money to buy cannon with." By the way, Chadwick's notable book is already only "the next to the last book" on Theodore Parker. The series of imaginative "Letters Written by Dorothy of Boston to Hester of Chicago," by Albert Walkley, and printed in the "parsonal press" of G. E. Littlefield of Neponset, is a humble little book, but it is admirably conceived and very suggestive. Mr. Walkley has told the story as to a child, and he has caught the spirit of his subject. It is, in the technical phrase of the public school teacher, "an admirable book for collateral reading" in the Sunday-school, in the home, the young people's meeting and the pastor's study. We are glad the work is done and we shall be surprised if the book will not escape this semi-private publication and find its way into the list of some publishing house that is prepared to offer it to a wider and more permanent market.

The New World chanted its memorable swan-song in its December issue. Full of the life and strength of new thought and ripe scholarship it dies without making a sign. From first page to last there is no indication of death, no suggestion of cessation, and this is as it should be. *The New World* is the last of the innumerable host of publications that has died from too much excellence. Its cessation is an arraignment of the world, not of the management, but the world is better for its having been. He who has the thirty-six numbers adequately bound and classified has a rich encyclopedia of modern thought. All the articles in this number are significant. Those of widest significance are probably the one on "The Influence of John Ruskin," by L. P. Jacks of the English Unitarian ministry, "The Book of Jeremiah," by Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, "Theodore Parker" by Francis Tiffany, and the revealing article on "The Recrudescence of War" by H. M. Simmons. This last article ought to be promptly called upon to do service in a more nimble form. It should become one of the permanent leaflets of the Peace Society. It would be most effective material in the halls of congress at the present time. Its argument is overwhelming because its eloquence lies in the crushing weight of the facts offered. Mr. Simmons knows what to quote, as when President Eliot of Harvard College is summoned to say that the annual appropriation of the United States government to the agricultural department is about the cost of one day of the war with Spain, and that granted to the geological survey less than the cost of six hours of that war. The whole expense of the fish-culture of the department of the government is less than that spent in maintaining one battle ship. Mr. Simmons' closing word demands space in UNITY, the paper that in its infancy felt his directing hand and still rejoices in his editorial word.

> "America will soon be asking if it is either wise or just to divert from our pressing needs some $150,000,000 a year, nearly $10 from every family of five, for the mere prevention in the Philippine Islands of the self-government which we have always preached. England will be asking if it is humane to spend enough on the slaughter of every Boer to have kept several hundred of her subjects in India from starving. Other nations will see that their savage destruction and slaughter in China, in vengeance for deeds which they have themselves provoked, is but fiendish missionary work, opposing the destined progress of Christianity. For Christianity, too, is doubtless destined to advance, however slowly; and we may still hope that Jesus' teachings of brotherhood and peace will in time prevail in heathen lands and be accepted in Christendom."

Theodore Parker's Patriotism.

It may be well to recall, somewhat more fully than Mr. Chadwick's or any of the biographies, Theodore Parker's opposition to his country in time of war. He was, of course, opposed to aggressive war in general. He warmly praised Sumner's great oration against it in 1845. A few months later that year, having heard that Bancroft favored a war with England about Oregon, Parker wrote him: "Posterity will damn into deep infamy that government which allows a war to take place in the middle of the nineteenth century. Yes, posterity will pass a damning sentence on the men who even tampered with the war spirit so madly active in these half-brutal men who swarm in our parties. You know at what cost war is waged. I do not speak of treasure, not even of blood, but of the confusion it brings into the minds and hearts of men. A war of but a single year between England and the United States, I seriously believe, would retard the progress of man full half a century."

But the next year, when our government entered upon the war with Mexico, Parker's opposition became still more emphatic. Of course, he had most of the people and even of the clergy against him in this; for it is one of the curiosities of Church history that the professional followers of the Prince of Peace have been among the most ardent advocates of war. He said: "Of the seventeen million freemen of the land, how few complain! The press is well nigh silent; and the Church, so far from protesting against this infidelity in the name of Christ, is little better than dead." But early in June of that year, Parker preached a long sermon denouncing the war. He denounced its barbarity, and said: "The government collects ruffians and cut-throats; it compels better men to serve with these and become cut-throats; it appoints chaplains to blaspheme Christianity, teaching the ruffians how to pray for the destruction of the enemy." He showed the injustice of the war; called the claim of our government that Mexico had wronged us, "a lie;" and said, "The governor of Massachusetts appeals to

our 'patriotism' and 'humanity' as arguments for butchering the Mexicans, when they are in the right and we are in the wrong." He called on men to oppose this war in which their country was engaged; to "refuse to take any part in it"; to "encourage others to do the same;" to "hold public meetings in favor of peace, in which what is wrong should be opposed and condemned." "You may effect little in this generation, for its head seems crazed and its heart rotten, but there will be a day after today."

To the charge of "treason" which is always made against those who oppose a war, Parker replied: "Men will call us traitors. What then? That hurt nobody in '76. We are a rebellious nation; our whole history is treason; our constitution treason to our fatherland." "I think lightly of what is called treason against a government. That may be your duty, or mine. Certainly it was our fathers' duty not long ago; now it is our boast and their title to honor. But treason against the people, against mankind, against God, is a great sin, and not lightly to be spoken of." "Though all the governors in the world bid us commit treason against man, and set the example, let us never submit."

Still more boldly did Parker talk at a public meeting in Faneuil Hall, early in 1847, where some of the soldiers were present with their muskets to make a disturbance. He had censured them before, and said soldiers' courage was "of a cheap kind:"—"Men of that stamp are plenty as grass in June. Beat your drum, and they will follow. Every male animal, or reptile, will fight. It requires little courage to kill, but it takes much to resist evil with good." But now he spoke to their faces,—called them "hireling soldiers of President Polk," come in arms "to overawe and disturb the meetings of honest men." "They are learning to kill men who never harmed us or them; learning to kill their brothers. It is a mean and infamous war we are fighting. It is a great boy fighting a little one, and that little one feeble and sick. What makes it worse is that the little boy is in the right, and the big boy is in the wrong, and tells solemn lies to make his side seem right." Massachusetts ought to have said, "We will not send a man for this wicked war." All good men should have said, "If God please, we will die a thousand times, but never draw blade in this wicked war." "Throw him over," cried some of the audience. But Parker, who was speaking from the gallery, replied: "What good would that do? It would not wipe off the infamy of this war." He said he did not so much blame as pity the soldiers: "For most of them, I am told, are low, ignorant men; some of them drunken and brutal. From the uproar they make here tonight, arms in their hands, I think what was told me is true." But he blamed more the men who have "duped the rank and file;" men who "made the war," "make money out of it," and "deceive the nation." "Throw him over!" came the cries again, with a flourish of bayonets. "Kill him!" "Kill him," replied Parker; "I shall walk home unarmed and unattended, and not a man of you will hurt a hair of my head."

The president "tells us it is treason to talk so," continued he. "Treason, is it? If it be treason to speak against the war, what was it to make the war? If the people cannot discuss the war they have got to fight and pay for, who under heaven can?" No, the treason is in keeping silent. "If my country is in the wrong, and I know it, and hold my peace, then I am guilty of treason, moral treason." So, he concludes: "I call on you all to protest against this most infamous war. Leave not your memory infamous, because you debased your country by defending the wrong she dared to do!"

Still more boldly did Parker speak when the war was ended and the country was rejoicing in its victories and vast gains of territory. Then, in June, 1848, he preached another sermon reviewing it. He again denounced it as "unjust at its beginning, mean in its motive, a war for plunder." He pictured the wrongs it had wrought, not only by armies bombarding and burning towns, but by individual soldiers looting houses, murdering men, violating women; and said all the thefts, assaults, rapes, murders and cases of arson in the whole history of the United States in times of peace, if added together, "will not amount to half the wrongs committed in this war for the plunder of Mexico." He showed our own losses, too—not merely in money and life—but in men diseased, crippled, corrupted; "many a man shall come home with but half of himself; half his body, less than half his soul," "polluted with the drunkenness, idleness, debauchery, lust and murder of a camp." He showed the demoralization that would result in many ways and the dulling of the moral sense of the nation. He contrasted it with ordinary crime, and pictured three criminals on their way to the gallows for murder, robbery and arson respectively, but meeting these soldiers coming home to glory, and asking what it meant. The criminals are answered: "These are the soldiers just come back from war. For two long years they have been burning cities, plundering a nation, and butchering whole armies of men. Sometimes they killed a thousand in a day. By their help, our nation has stolen 700,000 square miles of land. We shall feast these men; shall take their leader and make him ruler over all the country. But as you only burned, robbed and murdered on so small a scale, we shall hang you by the neck; . . . and you must not ask any more questions."

Parker not only thus censured in this sermon the men who had caused the war in which the country was glorying, but he apologized for not censuring them more. Said he, in the climax of his indignation: "And thou, my country, my loved, my native land, thou child of great ideas and mother of many a noble son, dishonored now, thy children killed or else made murderers, thy peaceful glory gone, thy government made to pimp and pander for lust of crime; forgive me that I seem overgentle to the men who did and do the damning deed which wastes thy treasures, spills thy blood, and stains thine honor's sacred fold."

The severe words spoken the last two years against the wars now in progress, are pale and cold compared with those with which Theodore Parker denounced that which his country was then waging and his government ordering.

H. M. Simmons.

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for while present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—EDS.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

Born July 28, 1868. In 1886 entered Queen's College, Cambridge, but left the university at the end of the first term to go upon the stage. He left the stage in 1892 and began a careful study of the writings of the great poets. He has published the following volumes: "Poems," 1897; "Paolo and Francesca," 1899; "Hewd," 1900.

To Milton—Blind.

He who said suddenly, "Let there be light!"
To thee the dark deliberately gave;
That those full eyes might undistracted be
By this beguiling show of sky and field,
This brilliance, that so lures us from the Truth.
He gave thee back original night, His own
Tremendous canvas, large and blank and free,
Where at each thought a star flashed out and sang.
O blinded with a special lightning, thou
Hadst once again the virgin Dark! and when
The pleasant, flowery sight, which had deterred
Thine eyes from seeing, when this recent world
Was quite withdrawn, then burst upon thy view
The elder glory; space again in pangs,
And Eden odorous in the early mist,
That heaving watery plain that *was* the world;
Then the burned earth, and Christ coming in clouds.
Or rather a special leave to thee was given
By the high power, and thou with bandaged eyes
Was guided through the glimmering camp of God.
Thy hand was taken by angels who patrol
The evening, or are sentries to the dawn,
Or pace the wide air everlastingly.
Thou wast admitted to the presence, and deep
Argument heardest, and the large design
That brings this world out of the woe to bliss.

The Lily.

I dreamed that after wandering long I came
To a dark garden with frail souls for flowers;
And saw the gentle lady we call Death
Pace to and fro, above each bloom she bent.
Then passed: a slumbrous sky above her rolled
Cloud upon cloud; and from those human flowers
A tragic odor like emotion rose.
I followed in her steps, and now she touched
Some poppy that had been a dreamer frail,
Or rose that was a passionate Eastern queen.
But on a sudden I implored her hand,
And should have fallen; from a lily near
What sweet and paining odor to my brain
Darted, with delicate, unhappy smell
Of trouble old and gladness far away!
I knew more surely than from any face,
More certainly remembered than at words,
And slowly swooning, said, "'Tis she! 'tis she!"
Then looking to that lady cold, whose face
No sternness and no pity had, I said:
"Lady, this flower but a little while,
O but a little while, has risen here:
Have a deep care of it! a small neglect,
A brief oblivion overburdens it.
For she, that is this flower, and merely blows,
So strangely silent and so white, was used
To be much loved and guarded wistfully.
Oh, from this flower be never far away!"
But she to whom I spoke moved slowly on,
And as I walked beside her, I awoke.

Go do your duty, giving to every task the sublimest motive which you know and which you can bring to bear upon it. Get at the essence of goodness, which is not in its enthusiasm or delights, but in its heart of consecration. Sometimes the consecration may be all the more thorough and complete when the joy of consecration seems to be farthest away. And yet every consecration made in the darkness is reaching out toward the light, and in the end must come out into the light, strong in the strength which it won in its life struggle in the dark. *Phillips Brooks.*

The Poetry of God.

Dr. James Martineau in one of those sermon classics of his that go to make complete "The Endeavors After the Christian Life," has spoken of the great souls of the human race as "the lyric thoughts of God" that drop into our laps and breathe upon us out of his almighty solitude. He speaks also of Jesus as the overflowing word of God and as his "deep and silent soliloquy"; he tells us that we are to see in the Christ not an exposition of God's argumentative or theological or scientific aspect—in which indeed there would be no poetry or religion—we are to see in the Christ, rather, "the very poetry of God, which could not have been told us face to face, but only cast in meditation upon the silence of history." Dr. Martineau further affirms that God has thus far written but this one perfect poem; "one only finished expression of his mind, one entire symmetric strain has fallen upon our world."

Paul, however, has spoken eloquently of other writings of God which, though they may not be perfect poems, are yet not to be despised, for they, too, were written under the direct influence of his spirit, and surely all of God's poems are great poems. These are Paul's words, spoken to the church at Corinth: "Ye are our epistle, written in our hearts, known and read of all men; * * * written not with ink, but with the spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone but in tables that are hearts of flesh."

Every true letter is a poem; it is a message of friendship and of love. Horace's epistles were poems, so also were those of Seneca and of Paul. Poems, too, were those dear souls in Corinth, written on fleshly hearts, not with ink, but with the divine spirit. Somewhere Paul has said of us that we are all poems of God. (Ephesians II:10.)

Pope wrote an "Essay on Man" that made him famous, and familiar lines from its treasured wisdom live in every memory; but the poet who wrote the man was God. Haydn sang the glorious oratorio of the "Creation," and its mellifluous strains will go sounding down the ages, but the real poet of the creation is God, who set the spheres to music and bade the weltering waves their oozy channels keep. He not only wrote the poem that delights, but he made the ear that hears; he not only composed the creation, but he formed the eye that perceives and the eye and ear are poems. Without them the everlasting silence, the everlasting night.

"Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the Everywhere into here!
How did it all just come to be you?
'God thought about me—and so I grew!'
Where did you get that pearly ear?
'God spoke and it came out to hear!'"

God spake to the star dust. You and I are the answer. We speak to the earth and God's poetry is the answer.

Yes, God is a poet; he is not a scientist, he is not a theologian. Plato says he geometrizes, but one would never guess it. He never intrudes his mathematics and he never makes a boast of his wisdom. I have heard it said by the students of one of our theological schools that a certain learned professor could give the Almighty himself points on theology. I have no doubt that he could, and I say it reverently. Those best loved prophets of his, from whose importunate pleadings God has never yet succeeded in keeping his secrets, have not been theologians nor scientists; they have been poets every one. As Prof. Drummond has somewhere shown us, it is the poet who first gets things right. Afterward along come the others, often without imagination and without insight, to argue and defend, prove and counterprove. Then with much show they publish their results and proclaim:

No doubt but we are the people,
And wisdom shall die with us.

Yet, we must not be guilty of ignoring nor belittling the work of these more prosaic toilers, for they, too, are God's poems, and the place they fill in his great universe is not by any means an unworthy one. The world needs teachers and critics just as much as it needs artists, only we must not forget that inasmuch as the Deity is a poet,—

> Poets are nearest God. Into their souls
> He breathes his life, and from their hearts it comes
> In fair articulate forms to bless the world.

Analyze the character of God in the light of those attributes of his which are today receiving the emphasis, or glance at any portion of his workmanship, adorned ever as a bride to meet her lord; we have certainly made no mistake in calling God a poet and a friend of poets. Or, if one prefer it, let him look at the Bibles of all peoples and ages, those books that men believed and taught came from God; yea, were written by his hand for their edification; they are poetical, all of them. Amos and Isaiah, as well as Job and the Psalms, the Suras of Mohammed and the Upanishads of Subhuti are poems. Poetical in thought, too, are the parables of Jesus, and did we possess them in the language in which they were first uttered, they would be also poetical in form.

Poetry builds upon the eternal realities; it comes from the soul, which knows no time, and goes to the soul and never grows old. Creeds have their day and cease to be, the chemistry of one age is the alchemy of the next, the astronomy of today will be astrology tomorrow. We know only in part, brain and brain knowledge shall pass away; but in adoration, in worship, in love, all of which are stimulated and nourished by poetry, we yield ourselves to the perfect whole and in response to our homage the permanent and the eternal enter into our lives. One of our own poets gives us a bit of personal experience that is to the point. He went to hear, so he tells us, a technical lecture by a famous astronomer. There were assertions and counter-assertions, and proofs in figures and charts and diagrams. In the midst of the accurate measurements and prolonged computations the poet became suddenly and unaccountably sick. He arose, and gliding away, wandered about "in the mystical, moist night air." The stars about which the professor discoursed were above his head in all their glory and he gazed upon them in perfect silence. Although, according to the Psalmist, their voices cannot be heard, they spoke to our poet and he listened and understood. Elsewhere he continues:

> I swear, I begin to see little or nothing in audible words,
> All merges toward the presentation of the unspoken meanings of the earth.

In choosing poetry rather than prose, poetry rather than science as the medium of his revelation, God has shown the completeness, the immutableness and the richness of his nature. Of no great epoch of the past does its most advanced science or theology remain true to us today; of none has its poetry perished. Anaximander and Protagoras are forgotten, but Hesiod and Homer are classics still, with their ancient power over men's affections all unimpaired. Where are the learned doctors who lived alongside of Sophocles and Euripides, Job and Isaiah, Dante and Shakespeare? They are forgotten; of many the very name has perished. Philosophies and theologies are transitory, but poetic truth and poetic beauty shall never suffer essential change. The "Learned Astronomer" whose dry-as-dust lecture above referred to drove Walt Whitman to distraction, will go the way of all men, but the poet's miniature of him will abide forever.

We must be on our guard against taking too narrow a view of God's poetry. It is by no means confined to a part of his creation. Not only are we God's workmanship, that is, his poems, but all things are poems of God. The same poetic temper of the Creator is revealed in all his works. The greatest poets who come after can at best but copy him. As ingenuous a confession of this as has ever been made is found in these lines of Whitman:

> Had I the choice to tally greatest bards,
> To limn their portraits, stately, beautiful, and emulate at will
> Homer with all his wars and warriors—Hector, Achilles, Ajax;
> Or Shakespeare's woe-entangled Hamlet, Lear, Othello—Tennyson's fair ladies;
> Meter or wit the best, or choice conceit to wield in perfect rhyme, delight of singers;
> These, these, O Sea, all these I'd gladly barter,
> Would you the undulation of one wave, its trick to me transfer,
> And leave its odor there?

Yes, every wave and every ripple is a poem of God. There is about it a spark of genius, an odor of divinity.

Every bud and flower and leaf, every raindrop and frost crystal, every nugget of iron or gold, every topaz or sapphire, every bit of mica or quartz or hornblend is a poem. It has a story and a lesson all its own, and written in real words, too. "Were you thinking that those were the words," asks Whitman, "those upright lines, those curves, angles, dots?

> No, those are not the words; the substantial words are in the ground and sea;
> They are in the air, they are in you.
> Air, soil, water, fire—those are words;
> I myself am a word with them.

Poems, too, are beast and bee, fish and fowl. How inerrant their instincts, how bewitching their habits; how fascinating the mystery of sex, the display of exquisite coloring. Go, read what the Hebrew sage says about the ant, or what Sir John Lubbock has written about ants, bees and wasps; or, better still, spend a day in the fields watching the mysterious ways of these insects and you will catch my meaning. Says Thomas a'Kempis, "If indeed thy heart were right, then would every creature be to thee a mirror of life and a Bible of holy doctrine." Canon Kingsley was an ardent student and unstinted admirer of the poetry of God. Says he: "I have companions in every bee and flower and pebble. I cannot pass a swamp or a tuft of heather without finding in it a fairy tale of which I can decipher but here and there a line or two, and yet I find them more interesting than all the books, save one, that were ever written upon earth." There is beauty enough in just one of God's poems to woo a whole universe out of its sinfulness if we would only listen; there is wisdom enough to make us all sages, religion enough to feed our souls to satiety a score of generations.

Sometimes God sings his poetry to us after the manner of an ancient troubadour. He sang to David in the mulberry trees, to Apollo's priestess and the woman of Endor through the bubbling spring, to the American savage in the roar of Niagara. I bow in reverent awe before the ancient idolater, for he

> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones and good in everything.

To him the tree and the spring, the pebble and the mountain were alive with God. The message of so-called worn out heathenism to us today is the newest message of the immanent God, the lesson of God's universal poetry. To the ancient fetichist, as to the modern nature-lover, God is what the Brahmin calls "the inexhaustible fountain of poetry." The music of the spheres is the rhythm of God's song, the succession of the seasons his rhyme, and the arithmetic of the snowflake wafts to us from very heaven the secret of his stanza.

In general God conceals his methods when he writes. Only recently have we learned the mathematics of the frost. The ugly framework of bone that sustains our bodies is concealed beneath the soft and delicately tinted flesh. The decomposition out of which the flower blooms is beneath the ground. In like manner

too the stars above our heads have no apparent order or plan. A prosy professor would certainly have set them in squares and circles, a maiden would have woven them in a canopy of fancy work; yet God is the true poet; his patterns never weary us, his stars know their orbits and are beautiful in their irregularity.

The great philosopher Hegel says that the sole great method is to have no method at all. If the style is the man, as the French have it, then the method is the God. The methods of God transcend all our efforts at classification. There is the fascination of mystery, of vivacity, of caprice about all his works. He teaches not directly but indirectly by suggestion and inspiration. We are not so much impressed by his power or his wisdom as by himself.

> God is not worshiped in his attributes;
> We do not love his attributes, but him.

Did he emphasize most his power we should be afraid of him; did he make his wisdom most prominent we should reverence him as a sage and hold ourselves aloof. But God's is not the method of power, nor the method of arithmetic, it is rather that of the poet. He sings us into harmony with himself; he is determined that we shall love him, and lover-like he has found

> What is better than to tell the best:
> It is always to leave the best untold.

Our guessing at God's best is faith, and our faith is the assurance of a hope founded upon the sincerity of the divine silence.

I shall never forget the feelings that were mine the first time I watched the lifting of the dawn-mist from the Adirondack woods.

> Sunbeam proof, it hung like a roof;
> The mountains its pillars were.

Then one by one the winds are let loose, the morning sun peeps through, the flowers lift up their heads, the birds and bees begin the day, and a surging vapor slopes athwart the glen, creeps slowly from pine to pine, then lifts and floats away and the day is ours. Each single day is a stanza in God's poem of the year. Who has ever fathomed all the beauties, the possibilities, the opportunities of a single day? The beauty of sky and flower, the murmur of brook, the twitter of bird, the hum of insect, the breath of flowers, the grass, the buds, the leaves! Is it anything strange that Browning's Pippa, who knows but one holiday in all the year, exclaims on the dawn of that eventful morn—

> Oh, Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
> A mite of my twelve hours' treasure,
> The least of thy gazes or glances,
> One of thy choices or one of thy chances,
> Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me!

After the day the evening! Who can resist the subtle influence of the dark, cool, damp evening in spring? No poet but God has ever fittingly portrayed such moods as these.

Of all poetry there are two classes of readers. The one is appreciative and sympathetic, interpreting as he reads with strokes of genius; as for the other,

> A cowslip by the river's brim
> A yellow cowslip is to him,
> And it is nothing more.

Having ears he hears not, having eyes he sees not, neither does he understand. The beautiful poem of the Great Poet goes over his head. It is ever so:

> The greatest artists speak to fewest souls.

God spake to Moses alone, it will be remembered, on the top of Sinai, and Moses to the multitude. They would rather listen to the stammerings and mumblings of man than to the eloquent thunderings of God, or to the still small voice of his spirit.

How few of us today read God's poetry! I mean real reading now, not a mere skimming for the sake of the story, with all the best passages skipped. Neither have I in mind a process of routine grinding with geological hammer and botanical lens. Leave the micrometer and anemometer at home, and along with them Tyndall and Dana. Bring your Bryant and Shelley if you wish to, but above all bring an open heart and a receptive soul. The only hours that are not wasted, or worse than wasted, are those that instruct the soul and feed it with God's beauty. Reading God's poetry is living; all else is mere existing.

It is through his poetry that God comes into our hearts and becomes the light of our life and the joy of our being; by it he talks to us, gives us his most precious thoughts, and pours his soul into ours. Why, then, will we spend so much of our time with inferior books and second-rate poets? How little real reading we do after all! Ah, if we could only be as patient, as industrious, as careful and as appreciative as God!

> The meanest floweret of the vale,
> The simplest note that swells the gale,
> The common sun, the air, the skies,
> To him are opening Paradise.

God's "opening Paradise" is still man's Eden, and the pure in heart go to and fro therein to guard it and keep it. In its every flower bed and grass plot a divine lyric lies cryptic, while overhead are the infinite spaces thronged with the master epics and histories and tragedies of God. Some day we shall read them as we now read the lines of the lesser poems that he has placed in our hands.

On the one side of us is the infinitely great and on the other is the infinitely small; into the one as into the other God has thrown his whole self and revealed his whole soul. This thought alone ought to lift us out of petty worry and ignoble sorrowing and selfish complaint. God's poetry always woos us towards health, towards perfection. It is always moral and religious, but these qualities are never exalted into a creed with its anathemas, nor into a code of laws with its penalties. God's poetry is always concrete, never abstract; everything is reckoned in terms of life. Like Shelley's "Form of Love," God scatters "the liquid joy of life from his ambrosial tresses," and his poetry paves the world with light. It is never local, nor provincial; never merely temporal; it is always universal, and

> Only the good is universal.

So far as I have studied the poetry of God, I find, to add another noteworthy characteristic, that it is everywhere mediatorial in aspect. The aim of every line is to soften, to purify, to lend courage and strength. Even the tragedies of God end ever in a glorious calm. Always the bow of promise is written against the black and terror-bringing cloud. The sun renews his shining, the meadows laugh for joy, and

> The woods are filled so full with song
> No room is left for sense of wrong.

Victor Hugo thought that the general effect upon us of God's poetry is to sadden. I don't think so; in strict truthfulness, it gives us neither pleasure nor pain, its mission is rather to intensify and purify the dominant mood whatever it be; it quickens the whole nature, it makes sadness more sad and joy more joyous, and all the vital forces become more active. The soul's vision is opened, and the heart is moved to free and frank confession. Confession is good for the soul, and the author of God's poetry never betrays the heart that loves.

I began with a quotation from Dr. Martineau to the effect that we have the very essence of the poetry of God in Jesus of Nazareth. It is in the perfect manhood that God has given us the most complete and most easily intelligible revelation of himself. It is in the perfect man, too, that the poetic qualities of love and sympathy and all abounding hopefulness predominate. Man is the poem that includes all others. Of him we may exclaim,—

No loveliness we see
In all the earth but it abounds in thee.

If, to be sure, we take a peep into God's commonplace book we shall find many incomplete poems, unfinished fragments, excerpts from verses that have been forgotten, and rough drafts that have been thrown aside. In the poem entitled "Man," as we watch its sweep through the ages, we find that nation has blotted out nation and civilization civilization again and again because of ignorance or weakness or vice. Now one thing seemed to be the supreme divine event aimed at from afar and now another. Of the older portions only the most rudimentary sketches remain legible to us. We can only guess what the great poet's intentions were; yet through all the wrecks of empires and the decay of political and religious ideals one main purpose is discernible—universal wisdom, universal love—from beginning to end of the great poem this is the theme.

There are hints, too, in God's commonplace book of perfections undreamed, of beauties unperceived, of affections that have never yet quivered into consciousness. So, after all, I think I like God's commonplace book best.

For things of what the world will be
When the years have died away.

A. B. CURTIS.

Greenville, Mich.

The Real Man with the Hoe.

Lifted by toil of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe; and gazes on the heavens—
The glorious light of ages on his face.
Who made him rise above the earth and fate,
A man! who grieves, but conquers grief with hope?
Who loosed his tongue to speak articulate?
Where was the hand that fronted up his brow?
Who kindled truth's red torch within his brain?

Behold the man that God doth make; and give
To have dominion over sea and land!
To trace the stars, and search the earth for power;
To make the seasons fertile to his will!
This is the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And painted blue the firmament with light.
Through all the stretch of heavens, to its last throne,
There is no shape more glorious than his;
More eloquent of hate for sensual greed;
More 'lumined for the future's high demand.

What gulfs between him and the anthropoid;
Master of ax and plow! Behold for him
Shall yet speak Plato! of his loins the Christ!
Unless for him, the dawns would rift in vain;
The roses redden into thought—and the hills
Would hold their poems inarticulate.
Here is the upward looker! Slowly rising up,
Yet master of the earth, he turns the glebe,
And reaps rich harvest where the beast would starve.

Ho, carpers! doubters! agnostics! in all lands!
Can you not see God's hand-work here afield—
Here upward struggling ever from the clod?
How shall it be when whispering to the worlds
He calls "Our Father!" through the halls of heaven?
And God upon his brow shall write, Well done!
Over a few things victor! thou shalt yet
Be king! the secrets of the universe
Unfold!—until the last shall lay its scroll
Upon the palm of him who wields the hoe!

How doth the future beckon to this man!
How answer the unthinking brutal sneer,
Which finds the Maker absent from his work!
Which foretells riot, and the passions' rule,
Instead of fateful evolution's work!
Lo, here the power that shall erelong exalt
All other power, all force, the dull red clod,
To serve man's wit, and wait upon his will!
He leans upon his hoe, and looks abroad
O'er realms God lifts him to subdue!

Behold how God doth work! Not in an hour,
But by a stroke that rings down all the eons!
All time is here, all struggles are rehearsed,
By which man rose from out the sea of hate
And climbed the heights of all-revealing love,
Where one sees God; and seeing God, himself.
Art-haunted Greece; and Egypt, womb of love;
India, with brain God-troubled, send here
Their deeds heroic and their marble dreams,
To find new birth! Here Thales, Socrates,
With Buddha and the Christ, and all that realm
That did a deathless deed—spoke living word!
He is the Word! spoke down the ages vast!
No longer shameth God to say My Son.

E. P. POWELL.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A Scheme for Class-Study and Readings in the Bible from the Standpoint of the Higher Criticism.

BY W. L. SHELDON,
LECTURER OF THE ETHICAL SOCIETY, ST. LOUIS.

PART III.

The New Testament.

CHAPTER IV.

JESUS IN HIS PUBLIC WORK.

The most perplexing part of the New Testament on the whole for the casual reader is that dealing with the miracles of Jesus as described in the Gospels. Here the line will be most sharply drawn between the Orthodox and the Radical. There are, however, a good many within the orthodox fold who treat this part of the subject from a very rationalistic standpoint—being disposed to doubt many of the most striking miracles attributed to Jesus, but holding, of course, most tenaciously to the one final miracle in the incident of the resurrection. Even on this point, however, one broad orthodox school looks upon the resurrection as not necessarily having been of the material kind, but as describing the reappearance of Jesus in a purely spiritual form to the disciples after his death. The notion that most of the miracles mentioned in the New Testament are sheer fabrications is done away with. That Jesus really did heal the sick in many instances we know beyond question. That the touch of his hand restored many suffering persons we do not doubt for a moment. The power of the spirit over nervous diseases is a recognized fact. It has been exercised in exceptional instances by others, and was so most strikingly by Jesus. We note the way it is referred to in occasional instances in the Gospels. Let some one read aloud, for example, verse 58, Chapter XIII, from Matthew, and the still more striking parallel in verse 5, Chapter VI, of Mark. This is a frank statement of actual conditions. On the other hand, read aloud the beautiful verse which describes the whole situation of Jesus as a miracle-worker, in verse 19, Chapter VI, Luke.

The discussion on this whole problem of miracles can be studied from the strictly orthodox as well as from the rationalistic standpoint, by turning to the articles on the subject from such a "Life of Jesus" as that by Edersheim, or on the other hand the one by Renan. Such wonders as those of raising the dead to life will of course be looked upon by the more advanced critics as being traditional, having grown up in enlarged form from some minor incident of healing power exercised by him; while they will be taken by the other class literally, just as they stand. The miracles which are described not as acts of mercy but in order to illustrate his power and prove his divinity, are those which appeal to us least. But there is one of this kind which has become classic and which stands by itself exclusively, in the story of "The Raising of Lazarus," in Chapter XI, verses 1-46, of John.

On the other hand, even those who do not care much about the miracles performed by Jesus, should read some of the narratives describing them; because whether or not we accept them as true accounts, there are often side features in them as undoubtedly trustworthy incidents illustrating the character of Jesus.

We can put faith in such side features oftentimes, whether we belong to the radical or conservative. Read, for instance, verses 40-44, Chapter I, in Mark; again, verses 31-36, Chapter VII, of Mark. What especially concerns us here in these two narratives is the charge of Jesus that those who had been helped by him should not go and talk about it. We have every reason to believe that was true as the method he pursued, and it is one of the most beautiful incidents of the whole Bible. This is brought out further in another passage which could be read, verses 49-56 of Chapter VIII from Luke. The miracles of the other kind to which we have referred are more dramatic in character and therefore appealing to us less. Another one of these which has become classic in the constant reference to it and which therefore had better be read aloud before the class, is the one about "turning water into wine" in verses 1-11, Chapter II, from the Gospel of John.

What, however, really appeals to us in the "miracles" from the life of Jesus is the fact which stands out conspicuously, that in his short public career he gave a good deal of his time to acts of brotherly mercy and was not simply a teacher or preacher. The phrase, "going about doing good," tells in exquisitely beautiful language of the picture we have of Jesus on the practical side. He was conscious that he did have a certain power over disease, and he sought to exercise it as part of his mission while proclaiming the coming of the "Kingdom of God."

SPECIAL INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF JESUS AS A TEACHER.

Besides the collection of general sayings we made from the teachings of Jesus, there are a number which have not been referred to as yet, because they were connected with certain special incidents, and therefore had better be read separately.

Take verses 36-38, Chapter IX, from Matthew. It should be read, because it is cited so often in order to give inspiration to reformers and help them in their discouragement.

Another striking passage which has been momentous in its influence and should be read over carefully is that to be found in verses 46-50, Chapter XII, of Matthew.

Then, too, there is the one which contains his experience when returning home and which has the celebrated saying about "a prophet in his own country," to be found in verses 54-57, Chapter XIII of Matthew. We have also the all-important declaration concerning "marriage and divorce" in verses 3-9, Chapter XIX of Matthew.

Again, there are the well-known words about "riches," in the incident concerning the young man who came to him wishing to be a disciple. Have read aloud verses 16-24, Chapter XIX, from Matthew. The curious modification in verses 25-26 we feel somewhat must have been added on later, as not really in keeping with the rest of the incident.

Have read also the oft-quoted passage in verses 15-22, Chapter XXII from Matthew, in the story of "The Tribute Money."

Furthermore, do not fail to read about the dispute among the disciples as to who should be first in the kingdom, and the celebrated words of Jesus to be found in verses 33-37, Chapter IX of Mark. Along with this should be included the similar passage in verses 35-44, Chapter X of Mark.

Among these incidents might also come in the passage in verses 57-62, Chapter IX of Luke, about "putting one's hand to the plough."

Then surely do not fail to have read the incident concerning the "widow's mite," in verses 41-44, Chapter XII, from Mark.

A striking incident should also be read, which is given in the Gospel of John, although it ranks among the least authentic of the more important stories concerning Jesus, inasmuch as it is not found in some of the oldest manuscripts and therefore is bracketed in the Revised Version. But it is one of the most beautiful passages in the New Testament, and is to be found in verses 3-11, Chapter VIII, of the Gospel according to John.

No one should fail also to study the attitude of Jesus concerning the subject of the Sabbath day. Once and again this comes up in these narratives. Let verses 23-28, Chapter II, of the Gospel of Mark, be read aloud. A part of this is rather confusing. But it should be read for the sake of the immortal verse 27 as a terse saying which struck a vital blow at the narrow externalism of the Judaism in the days of Jesus.

Another celebrated incident often referred to might be read here in the passage concerning "Martha and Mary," to be found in verses 38-42, Chapter X, from Luke. The house or the ruins of it, is still shown to the visitor at Bethany as the possible residence or home of these two sisters where this occurrence is supposed to have taken place.

Read also the language of Jesus concerning "marriage" in Matthew XXII, 23-30; also on "divorce," Matthew XIX, 3-9.

THE SOCIAL CRITIC.

A correspondent suggests a plan whereby independent voters may express their wishes on all questions of national importance; but which do not find place in the party platforms. She suggests that where the ballot has a space for "constitutional amendments," the voter might be allowed to express his approval or disapproval of direct election of senators and similar questions. It is possible that some such scheme might be systematized and made workable. At present the tendency is to get too much into our platforms. We would do better to elect a party into power simply on its pledge to obey the people and economically use the funds placed at its disposal.

* * *

We are quite too apt to forget that "the people" and "the government," in this republic, are identical terms. There is a habit of speaking of the government as an entity apart from ourselves. We hear of the plans of the government as if they were schemes that originated apart from the people. This sort of imperialism it is which constitutes the real danger. But there is a growing conviction in the country that all such ills will rectify themselves "under popular government." Certainly the national conscience is a factor of increasing import. Centralization has, in the long run, to deal with the moral conviction of the people.

* * *

The curfew bell is growing popular. It is heard in every quarter of the United States. The curfew bell is all right. There is no rational law of liberty that should allow our homes to be dissolved into a social chaos. But to take the children off the street at 8 o'clock at night or at 9 only begins the work. They are to be sent home; but who will receive them there? Is home to be a training school; or a mere private jail? Are the parents privileged to go when and where they choose, and leave home to incarcerate the young? The curfew bell means, if it means anything, that the time has come for us to pay attention to building better homes—more homeful homes. If the parents will not take themselves off the street, and go home with their children, let there be a curfew bell that will cover their case.

The question is frankly asked of me, What do you think of Mrs. Nation? Without dodging the issue in the slightest degree, the critic asserts his belief that the time is coming when this nation will assert and defend mothers' rights with the same vigor than in 1861 they defended negro's rights. We have fought two great altruistic wars, one to free the negro and one to free the Cubans; but we have left our own children to the mercy of those who will for gain despoil them of character. In 1855 the American people said, We cannot meddle with slavery where it exists. Then William H. Seward asserted the existence of a law higher than the Constitution. Then God and John Brown applied that law directly to the existence of human bondage. It was not long before the American people voiced itself in Abraham Lincoln that free labor and slave labor could not exist together. That we are face to face with another mighty struggle the critic does not have the slightest doubt. It is not impossible that Mrs. Nation may be the John Brown of the new era. That the time will come when mothers may safely bring their children into the world, and safely trust them in society stands to common sense. We shall not trouble ourselves if Mrs. Nation knocks into smithereens every saloon in the land.

* * *

A curious and astounding statement is that of our author, F. Hopkinson Smith, that "Uncle Tom's Cabin is the most vicious book that ever appeared. The book precipitated the civil war, and made the North believe nothing but the worst of the South. We are not an inhuman people; we are all alike; we are Americans. It was an outrage to raise the North against the South. The book was an appalling, awful and criminal mistake." We would like to refer Mr. Hopkinson Smith to a few chapters of the "American Slave Trade," by John R. Spears—in which he will see it demonstrated that slavery could not exist without the slave trade, in which at least one-fourth of all the victims were either flung overboard to avoid capture, or smothered in the dreadful holds where they were packed. Alexander Stephens, vice-president of the Confederacy, said in his farewell address: "Slave states cannot be made without Africans. Without an increase of African slaves from abroad you may not expect or look for many more slave states." About the same time a convention of commercial men at Vicksburg raised a fund "to be dispensed in premiums for the best sermons in favor of reopening the African slave trade." The sister of President Madison said, "We Southern ladies are complimented with the name of wives, but we are only the mistresses of seraglios." Madison himself said, "Licentiousness only stops short of the extinction of the race. Every slave girl is expected to be a mother by the time she is fifteen." "Uncle Tom's Cabin" a vicious book! Bosh! If it precipitated the war it nevertheless told the truth. Mr. Smith is evidently playing the role of Rip Van Winkle.

Higher Living.

But breathe the air
Of mountains, and their inapproachable summits
Will lift thee to the level of themselves;
Their own thoughts
Are the companions, their designs and labors
And aspirations are the only friends
Whom they can really trust.

A mortal may fancy himself treading the upper altitudes, only to discover that the baser forces in the brain are working independently of the will.—*Gertrude Atherton.*

One night in midsummer I stepped out into the clear darkness of a far-up mountain side. As I gazed up into the heavens they seemed to slowly close down upon me, and with a fascination that impelled movements to meet them; but they would never quite come where I could pluck the stars, seemingly so near at hand. Suddenly the ground slightly trembled and crumbled beneath my feet, and then there was noisy confusion far below. I recoiled with a sad sense of both failure and fright. In the morning I found that one step more, and I would have fallen hundreds of feet to my destruction.

* * *

A rapidly increasing number of people, restless in the light yet afforded them, venture forth into the unstimulating quiet of the mystical night. For, with them,

Beneath the calm, within the light,
A hid unruly appetite
Of swifter life, a surer hope,
Strains every sense to larger scope,
Impatient to anticipate
The halting steps of aged Fate.

As they do this, they often forget the weariness and strife and pain of the past day, are fascinated by the openings through which streams the light of heavenly places, and their spirits seem invited to a realization, which, if ever to be, is certainly now but just within reach. Remembering Plotinus, and Tauler, and Guyon, they, too,

Pray for a beam
Out of that sphere.

which shall be as strength, and rest, and satisfaction, world without end. And so they reach up, and step forward, and often would almost realize, were it not that their feet rest on unsteadiness; and so they fall. Stars cannot be plucked except we climb to them on something which shall surely support us.

* * *

Philosophic idealism, constructive though it may be, and spiritual exaltation, blessed as it undoubtedly is, is certainly to be aspired after as a rich blossom of life, yet this, rather than as its common experience. It is well to sometimes be able to say "My God is all," or to yield to the Higher Self an unquestioned obedience. Indeed, such a feeling of exalted negation of self might be allowed to suffuse continuously one's every moment and undertaking, and much good possibly result. But, on the other hand, the kind of affirmation of self which, in turn, compels obedience, is, day by day, the firm basis of permanent self-realization and ultimate satisfaction. Not only are we to invite heavenly influences that our higher life may prosper, but also are we to properly use every earthly kind, as the pledge of our sincerity. Hitching our wagons to stars and forgetting the patient oxen that possess so many elements of strength and efficiency is not the thoroughgoing sense upon which all truly cultural aspirations are well-founded. Humanity needs the "feet of clay," as well as the spirit of the stars—the alluvial sustenance of the valleys, as well as the lifting air of the mountains. S. B.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Reviews by Mr. Chadwick.

It has been my good fortune to read this book* just before reading the two volumes of Huxley's "Life and Letters," edited by his son. Excellent in itself, it proved an excellent preparation for the larger book.

* Thomas Henry Huxley, A Sketch of His Life and Work. By P. Chalmers Mitchell, M. A. G. P. Putnam,s Sons, New York. 1900.

I do not hesitate to say that for a coherent account of Huxley's work the smaller book is the more valuable of the two, while it is by no means weak in its impression of his personality upon our minds. In the larger book the proverbial difficulty in seeing the forest because there are so many trees, is much in evidence. Moreover, there is not the explication of particular points which the smaller book affords. This discrimination is not intended to depreciate the larger book in comparison with the smaller. It is a splendid revelation of Huxley's vigorous and attractive personality. It shows us his relation to his work and to his fellow-workers. But the lucky man is he who first reads the Mitchell book and then the "Life and Letters." The second will be much more appreciated and enjoyed if this course is taken than it could otherwise be, and the two together will give a much better impression of Huxley than could either of them by itself.

It is interesting that Huxley's scientific life, as well as Darwin's, began with an ocean voyage of several years' duration. Darwin's ship was the *Beagle,* Huxley's the *Rattlesnake.* Huxley's experiences on board of her were the foundation of all his subsequent activity. His most fortunate discovery, however, was that of the lady in Sydney who, after eight years of weary waiting, became his wife. Four years after his return to London were years of profound anxiety and impatient struggle against odds. There were times when he was on the verge of throwing up science altogether. When success came at last, it came by leaps and bounds. There is a "Huxley and Darwin" chapter, which brings out very clearly the relations of the two men and the character of Huxley's forefeeling of the Darwinian theory. The chapter of the book which overtops all others in dramatic interest is "The Battle for Evolution." Huxley's support of Darwin was no mere echo; it brought much independent confirmation to natural selection and more to the general theory of evolution. There are admirable chapters on Huxley's contributions to vertebrate anatomy and to man's relation to the apes. His splendid educational service has two chapters. Others are devoted to his work as orator and essayist, his opposition to materialism, his service to freedom of thought, his criticism of the Bible miracles and his Romanes address, at which point the writer diverges from Huxley more widely than anywhere else. The final impression is that even Huxley's passion for truth was less dominant than his desire "to do good and to communicate."

Mrs. Earle has found another subject* for her antiquarian research and illustration which is not less fertile in suggestion than "Home Life in Colonial Days," "Child Life in Colonial Days," and her other social and domestic studies of colonial times. She has brought to this fascinating subject the same diligence and discrimination that she brought to those which have engrossed her heretofore, and the same happy gift for lively and interesting description of things that have had their day and ceased to be. Let us be glad that with the changing scene of life we have the ability to live and re-enact the past in our imagination, and let us be grateful to such as Mrs. Earle who bring to our imagination so much help. There is apparently no fruitful aspect of her subject which has escaped her search. Of the nineteen chapters we will name a few from the taste of which the general flavor of the dish may be inferred. The first chapter is "The Puritan Ordinary," and the last is "Town Ghosts." Between these we have "Old Time Taverns," "The Tavern Landlord," "Tavern Fare," "Tavern Ways," "Kill-devil and Its Affines," "The Tavern in War," "Early Stage Coaches and Other Vehicles," "The Romance of the Road," "The Stage Driver," "The Pains of Stage Coach Travel," and others that promise as much entertainment and keep the promise well. It would be impossible to exaggerate the addition which Mrs. Earle has made to the value and charm of her book by the multitude of illustrations with which she has adorned its pages. The illustrations number 434, and while within the limits of this prodigality there is a wide range of difference, the average quality both of original rendering and reproduction is highly satisfactory. Here is a book which should not halt at Christmas time, but, like a well-built coach, go on from year to year enjoying a liberal patronage and appreciation. J. W. C.

* Stage-Coach and Tavern Days. By Alice Morse Earle. New York: Macmillan Company. 1900.

Tuskegee.*

Certainly no one has done so much to solve the problem of negro education in the south as Booker T. Washington. Himself a negro, born in slavery, he was obliged to make a great effort in securing his own education. Studying at Hampton he came under the helpful and stimulating influence of General Armstrong. After graduation he soon began the apparently hopeless and actually herculean task, of which the story is here told. Mr. Thrasher is hardly an attractive writer, but his interest in Tuskegee is genuine and deep and his theme is profoundly important. He has frequently been at Tuskegee and has followed many of its graduates out into practical life to learn what success they have attained. He traces the growth of the school from its apparently insignificant beginnings to its present magnificent development. He relates the pathetic story of the struggles students have made to get to Tuskegee. He sketches the characteristic features of the industrial education—the best and strongest element in Tuskegee's system. He pictures the daily life of the school and shows its quickening influence on body, mind and character. But Tuskegee's influence does not end with the schoolroom and the enrolled students. In its scope are the "mission efforts" in the neighborhood and its thoroughly practical and useful "conferences" to which hundreds of men and women, anxious for the improvement of their race, come from every part of the surrounding country. Everyone has heard of Tuskegee and knows of Booker T. Washington; in this little book they may become—as they should—intimately acquainted with both.

FREDERICK STARR.

* Tuskegee. Max Bennett Thrasher. Boston, 1900. Small, Maynard & Co. 16mo, pp. xvi., 215. $1.50.

Pamphlets.

The annual year book of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, known as the Essex Hall Year Book, comes to hand clothed in striking red and packed with the usual information so necessary to the intelligent direction of denominational interests. It includes notices of the Manchester College, Oxford; the Unitarian Missionary College, Manchester; the Presbyterian College, Carmarthen, Wales, which represent the theological school equipment of this denomination, the last named now specially devoted to the preparation of Welsh Unitarian ministers. While chiefly designed for home use, it contains much valuable and some curious information to the reader in "foreign parts." * * * The report of the committee on state and municipal taxation appointed by the Chamber of Commerce of the state of New York, with a draft of an act to amend the tax law by providing for the apportionment of state taxes and for local option in taxation, is before us in pamphlet form and contains instructive matter to those in other states to realize that of all the perplexing problems in municipal and state administration the problem of taxation is the most confusing, the most difficult to understand

and at the present time most wickedly applied. * * * The single taxers are indefatigable publishers. Their propaganda is continuous and irresistible, such as might be expected from men dead in earnest and from a movement the primal inspiration of which is not economical but ethical. "Why" is the title of a little monthly serial, which has the sub-title of "A Little Entering Wedge," edited by Henry Ware Allen and published by Frank Vierth at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. It has brevity, pungency and earnestness to commend itself.

The Chautauquan for February contains an interesting study of Victor Hugo's "'93," and an article entitled "Highways and By-Ways," which has an interesting page of figures concerning church growth during the century. It tells us that the church of the largest income in America is St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church of New York, which has an income of $200,000, and Trinity Church in the same city has an income of $168,000. The American people pay annually, according to this article, $2,000,000 for Bibles, $500,000 for hymn and tune books, and $60,000 for prayer books. It took $287,000,000 to run the churches of the United States last year, $2,600,000 of which was spent in Chicago, three times that much in New York, nearly twice that much in Philadelphia and a little less in Boston. This the churches have received. What have they contributed?

"Misunderstanding," by Henry T. Secrist, is the last in the long and notable list of James H. West's "Life Help Series." This is No. 57. One will seek far for so rare a series of printed sermons, lay and clerical, as this series.

The proceedings of the Twenty-fourth Annual Meeting of the American Humane Society held last October in Pittsburg, Penn., is on our table. This is a preacher's tool. It is a modern comment on the ancient Bible texts that urge mercy.

THE PHILIPPINE INFORMATION SOCIETY.

The Philippine Information Society, recently formed for the purpose of spreading reliable information on the Philippine question, has now issued three pamphlets varying in length from 28 to 60 pages, and has, therefore, arrived at a stage when the value of its publications can be judged. The members of the society are understood to be in great part supporters of the late administration, impelled by a patriotic desire to know the actual state of affairs in our distant Asiatic possessions. They claim that on this important subject public opinion, which is always so potent a factor in our country, ought to be based not merely on the press accounts, which, especially in war times, must of necessity give a limited amount of information, but should be formed with a thorough knowledge of the case as it is set forth in the documents submitted by the naval, military and diplomatic representatives of our government in the Philippines, to the treaty commissioners at Paris and to the United States congress. These voluminous documents are to be obtained only by application to Washington, and that after a laborious search through congressional records in order to discover what documents contain the desired information, therefore, the Philippine Information Society is employing trained readers who hunt out the documents, compile from the various volumes the evidence bearing on the leading topics under discussion, and thus put within easy reach of the public the most reliable information possible. The chairman of this society is Dr. J. J. Putnam, of Boston, and among the vice-chairmen, who are vouchers for its good faith, are Professor Royce, of Harvard University, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, of the Century Company, New York, and Mr. Francis Blake, of the Bell Telephone.

The pamphlets issued by the society may be obtained free of cost (one single copy of each only to one address) by anyone who will send to L. K. Fuller, 12 Otis Place, Boston, the name of his congressman, as many two cent stamps as he desires pamphlets and his own name and address legibly written, or if possible printed on a separate card.

The first pamphlet entitled "Aguinaldo, together with the Authorized account of the Alleged Spanish Bribe," has collected all the official accounts of the Treaty of Biac-na-Bato which terminated the rebellion of 1896. It also includes a few letters and proclamations issued by Aguinaldo's government. The second pamphlet called "The Insurgent Government of 1898," is in two parts. The first part is taken chiefly from Senate Document 66, being the account endorsed by Admiral Dewey, of the two naval officers who traveled into the interior while the Filipino government was in force. The second part gives a number of opinions with regard to the capacity of the Filipinos for self-government which are so divergent that one feels as if the pamphlet proves little, unless it disproves the statement often made that the evidence is overwhelming on one side or the other. The third pamphlet issued Monday, January 28, is called "Our Relations to the Insurgents Prior to the Fall of Manila—Were Promises Made?" The pamphlet includes all the accessible official evidence with regard to the often repeated assertion that our government by early recognition of the insurgents, or alliance with them, is bound to grant independence to the Filipinos. The brief introduction says: "It may as well be stated at once that the editors have found no direct evidence that seems to them to bear out this assertion (i. e., that pledges were made). In order, however, that readers may determine for themselves the extent of our obligations to the Filipino people all the accessible evidence is here submitted."

The evidence consists chiefly of the consular correspondence on the subject; the early correspondence between General Anderson and Aguinaldo, which General Merritt states was "deprecated by Admiral Dewey"; the statements of certain army officers before the treaty commissioners at Paris; and the portions of the Army and Navy Reports dealing with the subject. "It should be noted," the editors state, "that from the documents quoted below, extracts have been used as a basis for the assertion that pledges were made." The context appears to destroy somewhat the impression one might gain from stray sentences.

The last pages of the pamphlet deal with the taking of Manila and the efforts to keep the insurgents out of the city at that time. In view of the talks we have always heard about the looting that would have occurred had the Filipino troops entered with ours it is somewhat surprising to find in a letter from General Anderson to the Adjutant General at Washington, the following sentence with regard to the "several thousand armed Filipinos" who did succeed in entering the city: "It must be said, however, that they maintained good discipline."

We understand from the printed outline that the remaining pamphlets in the present series carry on the narrative from the fall of Manila to the close of the year 1899 with one last pamphlet on the "Present Situation." These pamphlets, we are told, are to give the accounts of our commanding officers, and the correspondence between our generals and the insurgents to be found in the accessible government documents summarizing the purely technical portions.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Resolutions presented at the Annual Mid-Continent Congress of Religion.

Condolence to England, presented by Rev. Vandelia Varnum Thomas.

The Congress of Religion, assembled in Chicago, extends deep sympathy to the sorrowing people of Great Britain in the loss of their noble and gracious queen, Victoria. From the days of her distinguished consort, Alfred the Good, her friendship for America has been constant. We appreciate the beauty and excellence of her life as wife and mother and queen. She has honored womanhood, honored England and the world.

Resolved, That the secretary be authorized to transmit this resolution, duly certified, to the United States minister at the Court of St. James.

In Memoriam to Rev. Alfred Momerie, D. D., Vice President of the Congress of Religion, presented by Rev. F. E. Dewhurst, director.

In the death of Dr. Alfred Momerie, of England, this Congress loses one of its vice presidents and a warm supporter of its spirit and aim. Dr. Momerie was an active participant in the Parliament of Religions, and in one of the earlier sessions of this Congress. He was a fresh and original thinker in the field of religious philosophy, a forceful and earnest preacher and always fearless in the expression of his ideas. By his published writings he has attracted and stimulated a large number of thoughtful people in our churches, and has contributed much to the increasing "sympathy of religions." The Congress of Religion assembled in its mid-continent session hereby puts on record its sense of sorrow and loss in Dr. Momerie's too early death.

Vote of Thanks, presented by Rev. Hiram W. Thomas, D. D., Vice President of the Congress.

The Congress of Religion, having enjoyed the beautiful welcome of the pastor and people of the Fullerton Avenue Presbyterian Church, Chicago, return to them our deepest and sincerest thanks. We also thank the excellent ladies of this church for the beautiful dinner—not simply refreshment—served to all who came from a distance. We shall always cherish the warmest feeling for Dr. Rondthaler and his noble congregation. Our thanks are also here expressed to the organist for his skillful contribution, and to Master Frank Pfunder, whose solos have so delighted the congregation.

THE NEW SOUTH.—The Tenth Annual Negro Conference of Tuskegee will be convened February 20th. This has been a mighty elevating force, not only in the black belt of Alabama but throughout the whole south. Farmers and artisans, teachers and preachers, come together there to find their common work and common duties.

POLO, ILLINOIS. UNITY has a small circle of loyal readers in this town, their loyalty being manifested by the fellowship they have cultivated among themselves. But the little reading circle that met once a week has recently been saddened, checked and broken by the death of one of its loyal members. We quote from the local paper the tribute to the senior of the band, written by a junior member of the circle:

"John Chaddock was a fair representative of the true liberal in religion. A man of strong feelings and positive convictions, his whole nature was mellowed and subdued by a healthy, rational, forward-looking religious faith, and an unfaltering trust in the goodness of God and in the kindness of His law.

"He believed with all the strength of his logical mind in the moral order of the universe, in the nobleness of human nature, in the dignity and worth of human effort and in the immortality of the soul.

"He loved this beautiful world, his home for nearly seventy years, and he enjoyed the quiet pleasures and the warm friendships of this life with a keenness and delicacy that was refreshing.

"He had no sympathy with the harsh doctrines that have divided Christendom into little warring sects, and believed that churches should serve more as training schools for character 'and less as the guardians of creeds.'

"Mr. Chaddock was an intense patriot. Of Quaker parentage and training, and naturally opposed to war and bloodshed, he nevertheless heard and heeded the cry of his suffering country, and served valiantly and faithfully in the ranks to protect and preserve its unity and honor.

"He ever took an enthusiastic interest in the affairs of his country, and deeply concerned himself in all that pertained to the progress and the welfare of the human race. On the last Sunday of the old century he spoke of how he would like to live on into the twentieth century, that he might witness the wonderous good he was sure was in store for mankind.

* * * * * * *

"The writer will always cherish, vivid and sweet as it is today, the memory of this gentle personality, this genial friend, this life of honest endeavor after righteousness, that has just passed into the great unknown.

"He shall always want to think of him 'as an oarsman who has pulled his best so far, and, though he may rest on his oars as he shoots under the dark bridge, we shall know that his moral momentum will carry him through till he takes stroke again on the other side.' WM. CUSHMAN."

CHICAGO.—"Community College" is the interesting title of the latest activities on the settlement line. They prefer the word "Center," a word which All Souls Church, Chicago, is trying to endow with a new meaning. The "Lincoln Centre" project goes on apace. The "Center" is settlement work without going away from home. It recognizes the fact that there is much good work to be done, much good fellowship to be fostered, many souls to be strengthened and redeemed wherever there are human souls. It is not a question of geography, John S. Paull is the president of the Community College. Sunday and Tuesday evening work is being carried on and the leading speakers of Chicago are glad to co-operate in the work. During the month of February Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, Charles Hutchinson, Franklin Wentworth and others have been heard.

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Books Received.

THE MACMILLAN CO., PUBLISHERS, 66 FIFTH AV., NEW YORK.

"Considerations on Painting." Lectures given in the year 1893. At the Metropolitan Museum, of New York. By John La Farge. Price $1.25.

"Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture, Giorgione." By Herbert Cook, in A. F. S. A. Price $1.75.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

"The North Americans of Yesterday." A comparative study of North American Indian life, customs and products, on the theory of the ethnic unity of the race. By Frederick S. Dellenbaugh. With over 350 illustrations. Price $4.

"Four Great Venetians." An account of the lives and works of Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, and Il Veronese. By Frank Preston Stearns. Price $2.

FEBRUARY MAGAZINES.

The *New England Magazine* keeps up its high standard of attractiveness. Clinton, New York, is a town which has a double interest. It is the seat of Hamilton College, the college of Charles Dudley Warner and so many honored men. It is also "The First Village Founded by New Englanders on Their Way Westward." Under the first aspect it was treated by Mr. E. P. Powell, one of its most enthusiastic sons, in a recent number of the *New England Magazine*. Under the latter aspect and title it is treated in the current number by the same loving hand. The good people—and they are legion—whose lives have been rooted in the historic little town, have reason to be very grateful to Mr. Powell; for never has the town been so well presented in magazine pages. The charming history and description are well supplemented by a score of portraits and views. The frontispiece is a striking portrait of Roger Wolcott, the lamented ex-governor of Massachusetts.

The Atlantic Monthly.—The February number contains a brilliant group of papers on political and social subjects, opening with ex-Secretary Herbert's masterly paper on "The Conditions of the Reconstruction Problem." Brooks Adams treats the world-wide new industrial revolution; J. K. Paulding makes a plea for New York; Gerald Stanley Lee discusses "Making the Crowd Beautiful," and Charles Johnston analyzes "The Essence of American Humor." Among literary topics John Fiske gives his "Reminiscences of Huxley," and Golden Smith reviews Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon." "The Confessions of a Minister's Wife" are lively and suggestive; Miss Jewett's and Miss Wiggin's serials continue; bright short stories, fresh book reviews, good poetry, and a brilliant Contributors' Club complete the number.

The Chautauquan. A critical study of Victor Hugo's "Ninety-Three" and a study of "The Inner Life of the Chevalier Bayard" are features of the February issue. A February nature study on "Birds' Nests," illustrated, is furnished by N. Hudson Moore, and Miss Julia B. Anthony describes in detail a number of practical "Cross-cuts for Literary Wayfarers."

The Ladies' Home Journal.—The story of the famous hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and a life of the author are given in "A Woman to Whom Fame Came After Death." Edward Bok summarizes the opinions of various women journalists as to the question, "Is the Newspaper Office the Place for a Girl?" Architecture, the fashions and culinary matters are all amply treated in this number.

Some six months ago *The Ladies' Home Journal* offered a series of cash prizes for the best outdoor photographs taken by amateur photographers during the summer. The returns almost swamped the Philadelphia post office, which in three months delivered 26,400 photographs to the magazine. The photographs make perhaps the largest single collection ever sent to one particular quarter. It will require nearly a month's work on the part of the magazine's entire staff to assort the pictures and make the awards.

The Delineator for 1901 will present in its monthly issues plates of embroideries in colors; also newest designs in lace-making, crocheting, tatting, knitting and drawn work. In the current number is the first of a series of six articles on "The Home and Housekeeping," by Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Mary Hartwell Catherwood will be among the contributors to the department of fiction.

Foreign Notes.

AUSTRIA.—Between the 1st of January and the 31st of August last year there were, it is said, in the different parts of Austria 7,224 conversions to Protestantism and 3,000 adhesions to Old-Catholicism. Attention has before this been called in these columns to the interest and activity of the popular novelist Rosegger in connection with this movement. In a little monthly published by him he reports that in Styria alone twenty localities have called preachers of the gospel. Though the movement is said to be steadily becoming more religious and distinctly evangelical in character, there would seem to be need of still further clarifying of ideas and purposes. Rosegger, as has been already noted, is much interested in the construction of a church in his native village of Muerzzuschlag, but he is believed to have had difficulty in keeping the new protestants there from naming their place of worship after Bismark or Germany. While, on the other hand, the old protestants could hardly persuade him to give up the idea of putting into it an image of the Madonna.

FRANCE.—According to the *Chretien francais*, Mr. Victor Charbonnel is about to start a new weekly paper called *La Raison*, in which he will have the collaboration of a number of ex-priests.

The Abbe Loisy, who lost his chair in the Catholic university of Paris because of the acceptance in his biblical teaching of some of the results of modern criticism, and who, still more recently was obliged by order of the Archbishop of Paris to discontinue the series of articles on the religion of Israel which he was publishing in the *Revue du Clerge francais*, has just been appointed by ministerial decree to a chair of Syriac at the Sorbonne, *Ecole des Hautes-Etudes.—Semaine religieuse.*

SWITZERLAND.—On the 4th of January, in Geneva, a provisional committee was formed and officers were elected for a new women's organization having as its object the amelioration in every possible way of the misery and suffering endured by the women and children victims of the South African war. The organization, as we learn from the *Semaine religieuse*, will be non-political, and will seek to secure the support of women of every nation, rank and religion, so that by concentration of effort the sums realized may be adequate to the end in view.

The latest estimate as to the general Swiss collections for the Boer victims of the war, is that the amount contributed in German Switzerland alone will exceed $20,000, fully three-quarters of that amount having already been reported.

THE DIFFUSION OF ENGLISH. The Geneva *Signal* gives the following interesting figures showing the rapid advance of the English language during the nineteenth century. In 1800 French was the leading language, being spoken by 31,500,000 people; Russian came next with 31,000,000; then German, 30,500,000; followed by Spain, 26,000,000. English came last of great European languages, being spoken by only 19,750,000 persons. Today English leads as the language of 130,000,000, followed at a respectable distance by German and Russian, while French has sunk to the fourth rank, and Spanish comes last of all. M. E. H.

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